

My Little Pony™

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It was a beautiful warm, sunny day. Surfdancer was enjoying herself swimming among the coral with some of her Sea Pony friends. "Mr Dolphin, will you give me a ride on your fin?" asked Surfdancer as he swam by.

"Climb aboard, Surfdancer,"
laughed Mr Dolphin, and away
they went, skimming through the
water.



As she rode along Surfdancer sang a little song:

*"I'm one of the Sea Ponies,
We live in the sea.
There's Wavebreaker and
Seaspray,
And Surfdancer, that's me!
If you are in danger,
Need help in distress,
Just send us your signal . . .
A Sea Pony SOS."*

"You sound very happy today," called a familiar voice.

Surfdancer looked around to see her great friend Wavebreaker spinning and turning on the white-capped waves.



"Come and join me," she called to Surfdancer. "Jump onto this giant wave. It will take us right up to the clouds. Then we can slide down the rainbow and back into the ocean. Come on, it'll be fun!"

But suddenly Surfdancer heard a large telephone shell ringing out . . . someone was in trouble and needed her help.

"Surfdancer here, can I help?" she asked softly, speaking into the shell.

"I'm Miranda the mermaid," replied a tiny voice. "I've lost my golden comb and without it my hair will get very tangled. My father, King Neptune, will be very angry if he finds out. A mermaid's comb is very precious to her."

"Don't worry, Miranda," replied





Surfdancer. "My friends and I will find it for you before nightfall. Meet us by the seashore as the first star appears in the sky."

"Oh, thank you, Surfdancer!" cried the mermaid.



"No time for play now, Wavebreaker," said Surfdancer firmly, as her friend danced on the biggest cloud. "Come down, we've got work to do!"

Wavebreaker slid down the rain-

bow and joined Surfdancer in the water. "Where shall we search first?" she asked.

"You search the ocean bed," said Surfdancer. "I will call Seashell and ask him to search the beach. Perhaps Miranda's comb has been washed up on the sand by the tide."





"What will *you* do?" laughed Wavebreaker. "Sun yourself while we do all the hard work?"

"Certainly not," replied Surfdancer. "I shall dive into the sea caves to look there."



"Oh, you are daring, those caves are very deep!" cried Seashell and Wavebreaker together.

"I shall jump from the highest cloud to make sure I land safely," replied Surfdancer, and she waited for a high wave to bounce her up to the cloud. "We'll all meet here la-

ter," she cried. "Oh, look, there's Seaspray in her new sailboat. Seaspray, please search for Miranda's comb. We've promised to look for it."

As the others set off, Seaspray turned her boat around and, singing softly, sped over the waves:

*"I'll sail east,
I'll sail west,
North and south,
Which way is best?
I'll ask all the ponies,
On land and in the air,
Have you seen the golden comb
Of a mermaid fair?
We'll search and we'll search,
Until it is found,
Be it under the sea,
In the air, or underground!"*



Meanwhile, deep in the underground caves, Surfdancer was searching for Miranda's comb. "Singing jellyfish, what a load of old rubbish!" she muttered, as she poked and prodded among the shells and mosses, twigs and seaweed which littered the caves.





Suddenly, she heard the sound of someone breathing heavily. "What's that?" she whispered to herself. "I hope it isn't a sea monster."

Surfdancer crept slowly towards the sound . . . and then she burst out laughing! There, her head resting on a piece of seaweed, was Cotton Candy. There were traces of nectar around her mouth.





"H'm, I see Candy has been up to her old tricks, stealing Blossom's flowers again," chuckled Surfdancer. "Candy, wake up! You must go home and ask everyone if they have seen Miranda's golden comb," she explained. "She lost it and she's very upset."

"I will," promised Cotton Candy, rubbing her eyes sleepily. "We'll do all we can to help . . . but I do hope Blossom will have forgotten about her flowers. I didn't really mean to eat them . . . but they tasted so sweet!"

"That sweet tooth of yours is al-



ways getting you into trouble," laughed Surfdancer. "Try and stick to bluegrass and wild flowers in future, then everyone will be happy!"

"I'll try," promised Candy, and she galloped to the stable to tell everyone about Miranda's lost comb.

"I'll go and see if the others have had better luck than me," sighed Surfdancer, as she turned over the last piece of moss and found nothing.

But Seashell and Wavebreaker still hadn't found the comb.

"I've searched every inch of the ocean bed," cried Wavebreaker. "All the sea creatures helped me . . . the fishes, Mr Dolphin, Mrs Shark, and even the tiny water snails! But we've found nothing . . . nothing at all!"



"And I've searched the beach. I found hankies, a spade, a bucket, a cup . . . but no comb," said Seashell sadly.

"Don't be upset," smiled Surfdancer. "You've done a good job. It means that the comb isn't here . . . so it must be somewhere else. Perhaps Seaspray has found it."

Seaspray's boat had sailed over the rainbow until it was near the stable yard. "Has anyone seen Miranda's comb?" she called.

"No, but we think we know where





it is!" cried Peachy, running up with Twinkles and Brandy at her heels.

"Tell me quickly," said Seaspray.

"It's a strange tale," said a voice above them and, looking up, Seaspray saw Twilight, the shy unicorn who was seldom seen by day. Even now, she appeared in a cloud of mist, and her appearance meant that something important had happened.

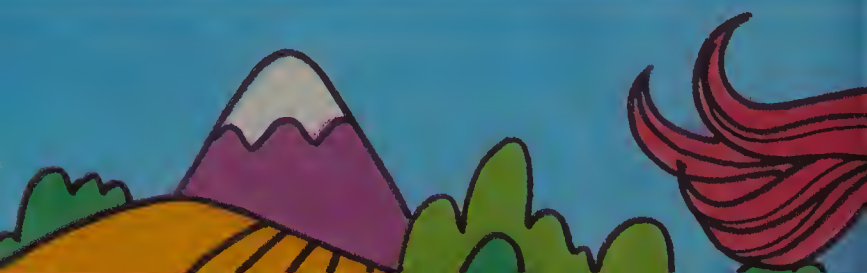




"Last night I was down by the shore when I saw a brightly-coloured bird with a long beak," said the unicorn. "It dived into the waves and picked something out of the water. It gleamed gold in the moonlight, and for a moment I thought it was a golden fish."

"I think the bird thought it was a fish too," said Peachy. "I've heard about birds that fish for their supper."

"The bird soon discovered its mistake," replied Twilight in her soft voice. "As I watched, the bird dropped the object onto the sand and I saw it was a comb . . ."





"Miranda's comb!" cried Seaspray in delight. "So it's on the beach! Hurray, I'm sure Seashell will find it!"

"It isn't there now," replied Twilight sadly. "Just as I was about to pick it up, another bird swooped



down and carried it far away among the clouds. I tried to follow, but I lost my way. All the stars had disappeared because everyone had been using them as wishing stars."



"Oh, pony-feathers!" muttered Seaspray in dismay. "Now we'll never find it!"

"Don't give up," said Twilight kindly. "We have sent Firefly across the sky to Dream Castle to ask Majesty to wave her horn and make Miranda's wish come true."

"What wish?" said Applejack.

"To find her golden comb, of course," said Seaspray rather crossly. "Oh, go away, Applejack, you're rocking my boat. You are a silly little pony!"

"Oh, apple sauce to you," muttered Applejack, as she went off to the apple orchard. "I never seem to do anything right! I knock over fences . . . I'm clumsy . . ." Suddenly she grinned to herself. "But I do like apples!"



Over in Dream Castle kind-hearted Majesty promised to weave a happy magic spell. Firefly and Spike, the baby dragon, listened as Majesty sang:

*"Miranda's comb will be found
High above, not below ground.
In a nest in a fruit tree,
A naughty bird's home you'll
see."*



"What does your song mean?" asked Spike and Firefly together.

"That you must find out," laughed Majesty. "But clever little ponies like Firefly and Twilight should soon understand."



But Firefly didn't understand as she raced back across the sky. "What do you think it means?" she asked the others.

"Oh, pony-feathers! I don't know!" muttered Seaspray rather crossly. "Why couldn't Majesty just make the comb reappear?"



"I think she did," laughed Bow-Tie, running up with Applejack. "Just look what fell out of the apple tree when Applejack shook it hard to make the apples fall down!"

"Why, it's a nest," cried Peachy. "A bird must have built its home in the apple tree."



"Yes, a naughty bird who likes bright objects," said Lemon Drop, leaping over Brandy to peer closely into the nest. "Look, here is Miranda's comb!"

"So the mermaid's wish has come true . . . the riddle is solved . . . by Applejack!" cried Sprinkles, hovering overhead among the clouds. "Well done, Applejack!"

"Oh, apple sauce!" cried Applejack, looking very pleased to have done something right at last . . . even if she wasn't too sure what it was!

"I'll take it back to the mermaid," said Sprinkles. "Give me the comb!"

"We must wrap it up prettily first," insisted Bow-Tie, and she tied up the comb with lots of bright silver



and red ribbon.

Sprinkles flew to the shore where he found Surfdancer and Seashell talking to Miranda.

"Have you found my comb?" Miranda asked Surfdancer. "My father is giving a special ball tonight in honour of the Queen of the Silver Waterfall, and he will be very cross if I go with my hair in such a tangled mess!"

"Er . . . er . . ." began Surfdancer, wondering what to say.





"Oh, my comb!" cried Miranda as Sprinkles suddenly appeared. "Oh, thank you!"

"We were glad to help," replied Surfdancer, looking very relieved.

"I must get ready for the ball now," said Miranda, clutching her

comb tightly as she prepared to dive below the waves.

"Have a happy time!" called Surfdancer as Miranda disappeared into the water.

Later, as Surfdancer and Seaspray played happily, body-surfing on the waves, they heard a soft voice singing to them:

*"Thank you, little ponies,
So clever and so sweet,
For returning my dear golden
comb,
To make my tangles neat.
I've tied my hair with ribbons
Of silver and red,
I'm the belle of the ocean,
My Father, King Neptune, said."*

How pleased the little ponies were to hear Miranda's song!



ISBN 0-7235-7641-6

titles in this series:

The Trolls and the Castle of Darkness

A Shock at the Stable Show

The Cross Weather Witch

Surfdancer and the Little Mermaid



KN-945-928



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Copyright © 1985 by Hasbro Industries (L)
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Published in Great Britain by World International Publishing Limited,
P.O. Box 111, Great Ducie Street, Manchester M60 3BL
Printed in Great Britain. SBN 7235 7641 6.